HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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From the N. Y. Sun.

The long, low, black Schooner.

The whole of the particulars concerning the Piracy, Mutiny, and Murders, on board the Spanish schooner Amistead, which was captured on Monday last, and carried into New London, Conn.

No sooner had the proprietor of the Sun heard of the capture of the suspicious schooner, which has excited so much remark of late, than he took efficient and prompt measures to procure full particulars. In pursuance of this purpose we have procured, at a most enormous expense, a cut of the vessel, and a most accurate likeness of the chief who devised the plan. The portrait was taken by that most talented native artist, James Sheffield, Esq. of New London; and is for sale at the desk, splendidly lithographed. It will be seen that our account is continued up to the last night, and embraces every particular connected with this important affair from the first to the last.

In the month of June last, Don Jose Ruez, a wealthy and noble Spaniard, left his estate at Principe and proceeded to Havana to buy slaves. At Havana he purchased 49 from a cargo which had just arrived from the Coast of Africa. To forward his purchase home, he chartered the schooner Amistead, Raymon Ferres, master, and sole owner. Together with his slaves, he shipped a number of packages, partly his own and partly on freight. The packages contained a regular assortment of goods for that market. There was some crockery, some copper, and many dry goods, besides fancy articles for amusement or luxury. Personally, Senor Ruez had but little money on board, although the captain was supposed to have specie to the amount of $8000 in doubloons. Besides this cargo, the Amistead received on board Don Pedro Montez, and four slaves, as passengers. The slaves of Senor Montez were from the same cargo as those of Ruez, but were all children between the ages of 7 and 12. Three of the four were females, and one a male. The crew of the schooner consisted of the captain, his two slaves and two white men. The slaves of Ruez and Montez were all Congolese negroes, only six weeks from the Coast of Africa, four of which, at least, had been spent on the passage. One of the captain's slaves was a mulatto, and employed as cook; the other a black boy, named Antonio, who is on board the schooner.

The schooner is of Baltimore clipper build about 170 tons burden, 6 years old, and was called the Friendship, which being Hispaniolised, means Amistead. She was insured at Havana to her full value. Senor Ruez is insured $20,000, and it is supposed the rest of the shippers also were.

On the 28th of June, 1839, this vessel sailed from the Havana for Guanaja, the port of entry for Principe. Among the slaves purchased by Ruez, was one called, in Spanish, Joseph Cinguez, who is the son of an African chief. This Cinguez is one of those spirits which appear but seldom. Possessing far more sagacity than his race generally do, he had been accustomed to command. His physical proportions are those best calculated to endure privation. His countenance when in repose looks heavy, but under excitement it assumes an expression of great intelligence. His eye is that of a Spaniard, and can exhibit every variety of thought, from the cool contempt of a haughty chieftain, to the high resolve which would be sustained through martyrdom. His lips are thicker and more turned up than those of his race in general, but when opened, display a set of teeth rivalling in beauty the most regular of those which we praise so much in Caucasian beauty. But his nostrils are the most remarkable feature he possesses. These he can contract or dilate at pleasure. His deportment is free from levity, and many white men might take a lesson in dignity and forbearance from the African Chieftain, who, although in bondage, appears to have been the Oseola of his race. In height, he is just 5 feet 7 3-4 inches, has a full chest, large joints and muscles, and built for strength and agility.

The head of this extraordinary man, now only 26 years of age, is one that, in phrenological parlance, indicates the strongly marked character of its possessor. The forehead is high and perpendicular, no receeding; it would most probably be called round. The organs of locality, individuality and eventuality are very prominently developed. Causality, comparison, and hope, rather small. Language is very good. In this head the moral sentiments preponderate. Benevolence, veneration and conscienciousness, very large. Combativeness and destructiveness are only moderately developed. Perhaps, however, the strongest points are adhesiveness, concentrativeness and firmness. These indicate unshaken courage, and intense love of home and kindred. He is, taking him for all in all, one calculated to excite the deepest interest in his behalf, and just the man to invent and become the leader in such an event as that which has thrown him on our shores.

[The particulars of the massacre will be found in the testimony.]

About two days after the rising they had a heavy gale, which drifted them into the Bahama Channel. Here they boxed about again, but saw no vessels; at last, being out of water, the negroes ordered Montez to make the nearest land, which proved to be the island and of St. Andrews. Here the the negroes met no one. After this Montez steered for New Providence, but the negroes were not disposed to land. By this time Joseph had learned to steer, and he took the helm in the day, leaving one of the white men to steer at night. Every night Joseph slept near the helm, and had two of the most trusty negroes by his side watching, and ready to awake him on the least alarm.

During this interval the negroes broke open the hatches and pillaged the cargo. Among it they found wine, raisins, and a great quantity of medicines; all this they ate indiscriminately. Ten died in a short time, and others would have done so, had not Joseph forbidden the rest to touch any thing but what he gave them. Any infraction of this wholesome regulation brought down on the head of the offender a severe personal chastisement from the hands of the chief.—Joseph lived abstemiously during the whole trouble, and insisted on the most perfect obedience to his orders. The only food eaten was portioned out by his hand, and not a box of the cargo opened but under his direction. He divided the spoil, taking the smallest portion for himself. He was the master spirit on board: every thing felt his influence. We confess that during all this time the whites were in a most wretched condition, and their hopes of escape was very small. In the night they steered to the west, and succeeded in persuading Joseph to keep to the north of east in the day.

About the fifteenth of this month, as the Spaniards suppose, for they had lost knowledge of dates and days, they came in sight of Long Island. In the interval they had been boarded by several vessels, one of which supplied them with a demijohn of water. They had seen many vessels and signalized them, but were unable to call their attention.—When any vessel came alongside, Joseph would stand by Ruiz, the only man who speaks English, and watch him with fearful intensity.

The organ of communication between Senor Ruez and the Congolese, was Antonio, the captain's slave. He is by birth an African, but has lived in Cuba 8 or 10 years.—He speaks both Congolese and Spanish. He had been employed as a cabin boy.

On the 20th of this month they were hailed by pilot boat No. 3, which gave them some apples. Joseph having some fear of betrayal, would not allow Ruez to speak with these. Pilot boat No. 4 came along side also, but they were not permitted to board.—On the 24th they made Montauk light, and stood for it, hoping to run the vessel ashore, but the tide drifted them up the bay. They then came to anchor off Culloden Point, where the negroes went ashore to lay in water. Between the fifteenth and twenty-fourth, they had anchored about thirty times, at different places on the coast.

The negroes who went ashore at Culloden were almost naked, and the inhabitants were exceedingly alarmed. They were two days in the neighborhood without any attempt being made to arrest them. Only in two instances did they succeed in bartering with the inhabitants for provisions, once for a doubloon, and once for a musket. While engaged in watering they were fallen in with by Captain Green, and another gentleman from Sag Harbor, who had visited the Point on a shooting excursion. Capt. Green immediately saw that all was not right, and gave them to understand that they should be taken care of.

Either before or immediately after Captain Green and his friend had retired, the boat of the cutter Washington came in sight and boarded the vessel. Immediately on seeing a gentleman in uniform, Senor Ruez went up to him and said:

'These negroes are my slaves; they have risen and taken the vessel; that is the leader, (pointing to Joseph) and I claim your protection.'

Lieuts. Porter and Meade then immediately took possession, disarmed the negroes, and took the schooner in tow. Joseph on seeing this, went below, and tieing some gold about his person, he leapt out of the main hatch, and at one bound was over the side. While under the water, he disengaged the doubloons, and came up about 100 yards from the vessel, having been under water at least 5 minutes. The boat was instantly manned and sent in chase of him. When within reach he would dive down and come up again some yards behind her stern. He thus employed them about 40 minutes, when, seeing farther attempts useless, he gave himself up. When pulled on board the boat he smiled, and putting his hand to his throat, intimated that he was going to be hanged. Joseph was then transferred to the Washington, but he seemed so uneasy and displayed so much anxiety to return to the schooner that he was humanely gratified. On once more joining the Amistead, the poor wretches clustered around him, making the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. Some laughed, some screamed, some danced, and some wept. Joseph stood in the midst, but did not even smile. When the noise had subsided, he addressed them in Congolese, which was translated by Antonio as follows:

'Friends and Brothers,—We would have returned but the sun was against us. I would not see you serve the white men, so I induced you to help me kill the Captain. I thought I should be killed—I expected it. It would have been better. You had better be killed than live many moons in misery. I shall be hanged, I think, every day. But this does not pain me. I could die happy, if by dying I could save so many of my brothers from the bondage of the white men.'

By this time the excitement had risen to such a pitch that the officer in command had Joseph led away by force and returned to the Washington. Even this the hero bore with stoical dignity, while his poor countrymen uttered the most piercing yells. On board the Washington he was manacled to prevent his leaping overboard. Even this failed to elicit the slightest perceptible emotion. This was on Tuesday. On Wednesday, he signified by motions that if they would take him on board the schooner again, he would show them a handkerchief full of doubloons. He was accordingly sent on board. His manacles were taken off and he once more went below to receive congratulations, even more wild and enthusiastic than those of Tuesday. Antonio was told to watch and listen to him. Instead of finding the doubloons, he again addressed the negroes, which, according to the interpretation of Antonio to Spanish, and from Spanish to English by John Jay Hyde, Esq. editor of the New London Gazette, was as follows:—

'My brothers, I am once more among you, having deceived the enemy of our race by saying I had doubloons. I came to tell you that you have only one chance for death, and none for liberty. I am sure you perfer death, as I do. You can by killing the white men now on board, and I will help you, make the people here kill you. It is better for you to do this, and then you will not only avert bondage yourselves, but prevent the entailment of unnumbered wrongs on your children. Come—come with me then—.'

Antonio made the signal and the unsubdued chief was dragged from the hold, again manacled, and put on board the Washington. While making this speech his cheek shone, and his eye was often turned to the sailors in charge. The negroes yelled and looked as fiercely as he did. They leapt about and seemed like creatures under some talismanic power. On his way to the Washington, the hero moved not a muscle, but kept his eye fixed on the schooner. On board the Washington he made a thousand gestures and motions to be taken on deck, as if on some urgent and important errand. But when led up he only looks at the schooner, and remains with his eyes fixed upon her till taken below again. He evinces no emotion, and had he lived in the days of Greece and Rome, his name would have been handed down to posterity as one who had practiced those most sublime of all virtues—disinterested patriotism and unshrinking courage. Now most probably he will be hanged as a murderer and pirate.

On Wednesday night, Captain Gedney, dispatched an express to the U. S. Marshal at New Haven, who gave information to his Honor A. T. Judson, U. S. District Judge. On Thursday morning both these gentlemen arrived and after careful deliberation, concluded to hold their court on board the Washington, then lying off the Fort, within musket shot of the schooner. Lieut. Wolcott, kindly offered the services of the U. S. cutter Experiment to take all interested on board the Washington. The U. S. Marshal politely took us under his protection.

JUDICIAL INVESTIGATIONS.

At anchor, on board of the U. S. Cutter Washington, commanded by Lieut. Gedney.

New-London, Aug. 29, 1839.

His Honor Andrew T. Judson, U. S. District Judge, on the Bench, C. A. Ingersoll, Esq. appearing for the U. S. District Attorney. The court was opened by the U. S. Marshall. The clerk then swore Don Pedro Montez, owner of part of the cargo, and forty-nine of the slaves. These gentlemen then lodged a complaint against Joseph Cinguez, (the leader in the alleged offence) Antonio, Simon, Lacis, Peter, Martin, Manuel, Andrew, Edward, Caledonis, Bartholomew, Raymond, Augustine, Evaristo, Casimiro, Mercho, Gabriel, Santario, Escolastico, Pascual, Estanilaus, Desiderio, Nicholas, Stephen, Thomas, Corsino, Lewis, Bartolo, Julian, Frederick, Saturnio, Lardusbdo, Celestino, Epifanio, Tevacio, Genancio, Philip, Francis, Hippolito, Venito, Tidoro, Vicinto, Dionecio, Apolonio, Ezdiquiel, Leon, Julius, Hippolito 2d, and Zdnon, or such of the above as might be alive at that time. It was ascertained that Joseph Cinguez, and 38 others, were alive, and on the complaint an indictment was framed, charging them with murder and piracy on board the Spanish Schooner Amistead.

Joseph Cinguez, the leader, was brought into the cabin manacled. He had a cord round his neck, to which a small box was suspended. He wore a red flannel shirt and duck pantaloons. The portrait we had taken is an excellent likeness, but it is deficient in the hero-like expression of his eye and brow. His appearance was neat, and in cleanliness would compare advantageously with any colored dandy in Broadway. He was calm and collected. Occasionally he smiled with a melancholy but determined expression, but he evinced no fear. At intervals he motioned with his hand that he expected to be hanged, and then for a moment would gaze intensely on his accusers.

Lieut. R. W. Meade, who speaks the Spanish language both elegantly and fluently, acted as an interpreter between the Spaniards and the Court. The poor prisoner did not understand a word in either language, and stood a mute spectator, although interested in the event.

Several bundles of letters were produced, saved from the Amistead, and such as were unsealed read. The contents being simply commercial, can be of no interest to the reader. Among the papers were two licenses from the Governor of Havana, Gen. Ezpeleta, one for 3 slaves owned by Pedro Montes, one of the men saved, and 49 owned by Senor Don Jose Ruez, the other that has escaped, allowing the said slaves to be transported to Principe, and commanding said owners to report their arrival to the territorial judge of the district, in which Principe is situated. A license was found, permitting Pedro Montez, a merchant of Principe, to proceed to Matanzas, and transact business, which was endorsed by the Governor of Havana, and the officer of the port. Regular passports were produced, allowing the passengers to proceed to their destination.

A license was found permitting Celestino Ferres, a mulatto, owned by Captain Ramon Ferres, and employed as a cook, to proceed on the voyage. Other licences for each sailor were produced and read, all of which were regularly signed and endorsed by the proper authorities.

The Custom House clearance, dated the 18th May, 1839, was produced. Also another, dated 27th June, 1839, all regular. Several licenses, permitting goods to be shipped on board the Amistead, were read and decided to be regular.

Lieut. R. W. Meade testified that he was in the boat which boarded the Amistead, and demanded the papers, which were unhesitatingly delivered. Previous to this demand, Senor Don Jose Ruez had claimed protection for himself and Don Pedro Montez, the only two white men on board. The protection was immediately granted, and the vessel brought to New London.

Many of the events which are detailed in the narrative were omitted in the evidence, as having no bearing as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, in the present stage of the proceedings.

Senor Don Jose Ruez was next sworn, and testified as follows. I bought 49 slaves in Havana, and shipped them on board the schooner Amistead. We sailed for Guanaja, the intermediate port for Principe. For the first four days every thing went on well. In the night I heard a noise in the forecastle. All of us were asleep except the man at the helm. Do not know how things began; was awoke by the noise. This man Joseph I saw. Cannot tell how many were engaged. There was no moon. It was very dark. I took up an oar and tried to quell the mutiny; I cried no! no! I then heard one of the crew cry murder. I then heard the captian order the cabin boy to go below and get some bread to throw to them, in hope to pacify the negroes. I went below and called on Montez to follow me, and told them not to kill me; I did not see the captain killed. They called me on deck and told me I should not be hurt. I asked them as a favor to spare the old man. They did so. After this they went below and ransacked the trunks of the passengers. Before doing this, they tied our hands. We went on our course—don't know who was at the helm. Next day I missed Captain Ramon Ferres, two sailors, Manuel Pagilla, Yacinto ——, and Celestina the cook. We all slept on deck. The slaves told us next day that they had killed all; but the cabin boy said that they had killed only the captain and cook. The other two had escaped in the canoe, a small boat. The cabin boy is an African by birth, but has lived a long time in Cuba. His name is Antonio, and belonged to the captain. From this time we were compelled to steer east in the day; but sometimes the wind would not allow us to steer east, then they would threaten us with death. In the night we steered west, and kept to the northward as much as possible. We were six or seven leagues from land when the outbreak took place. Antonio is yet alive. They would have killed him but he acted as interpreter between us, as he understood both languages. He is now on board the schooner. Principe is about two days sail from Havana, or 100 leagues, reckoning 3 miles to the league. Sometimes when the winds are adverse, the passage occupies 15 days.

Senor Don Pedro Montez was next sworn. This witness testified altogether in Spanish, Lieut. R. W. Meade interpreter.

We left Havana on the 28th of June. I owned 4 slaves, 3 females and 1 male. For three days the wind was ahead, and all went well. Between eleven and twelve at night, just as the moon was rising, sky dark and cloudy, weather very rainy, on the fourth night, I laid down on a mattrass. Between three and four was awakened by a noise, which was caused by blows given to the mulatto cook. I went on deck and they attacked me. I seized a stick and a knife, with a view to defend myself. I did not wish to kill or hurt them. At this time the prisoner wounded me on the head severely with one of the sugar knives, also on the arm. I then ran below and stowed myself between two barrels, wrapped up in a sail. (Here the prisoner motioned for his snuff box.) The prisoner rushed after me and attempted to kill me, but was prevented by the interference of another man. I recollect who struck me, but was not sufficiently sensible to distinguish the man who saved me. I was faint from loss of blood. I then was taken on deck and tied to the hand of Ruez. After this they commanded me to steer for their country. I told them I did not know the way. I was much afraid, and had lost my senses, so I cannot recollect who tied me. On the second day after the mutiny, a heavy gale came on. I still steered, having once been master of a vessel. When recovered, I steered for Havanna in the night by the stars, but by the sun in the day, taking care to make no more way than possible. After sailing fifty leagues, we was an American merchant ship, but did not speak to her. We were also passed by a schooner, but were unnoticed. Every moment my life was threatened. I know nothing of the murder of the captain. All I know of the murder of the mulatto is that I heard the blows. He was asleep when attacked. Next morning the negroes had washed the decks. During the rain the captain was at the helm. They were all glad, next day, at what had happened. The prisoners treated me harshly, and, but for the interference of others, would have killed me several times every day. We kept no reckoning. I did not know how many days we had been out, nor what day of the week it was when the officers came on board. We anchored at least 30 times, and lost an anchor at New Providence. When at anchor we were treated well, but at sea they acted very cruelly toward me. They once wanted me to drop anchor in the high seas. I had no wish to kill any of them, but prevented them from killing each other.

The prisoner was now sent to his quarters, and the Court adjourned to the schooner, that she might be inspected, and that Antonio when making his deposition might recognise those who murdered the Captain and his mulatto cook.

Adjourned Investigation on board the Amistad.

Antonio the slave of the murdered Captain, was called before the Court, and was addressed in Spanish, by Lieut. Meade, on the nature of an oath. He said he was a Christian, and being sworn, he thus testified:

We had been out four days when the mutiny broke out. The night it had been raining very hard, and [illegible] had been on deck. The rain ceased [illegible] was very dark. Clouds covered [illegible] rain, the Captain and [illegible] on some mattresses [illegible] on deck. Four of the s[illegible] ed with these knives w[illegible] sugar cane; they struck [illegible] the face two or three ti[illegible] mulatto oftener. Neit[illegible] By this time the rest [illegible] come on deck, all arm[illegible] The man at the wheel [illegible] the small boat and esc[illegible] and saw it all. The [illegible] Senor Ruez and Se[illegible] Joseph, the man in [illegible] he attacked Senor Mon[illegible] fought with them and [illegible] still. The Captain or[illegible] some bread amongst t[illegible] they would not touch [illegible] Captain and the cook, [illegible] Montez, they tied Mon[illegible] hands till they ransack[illegible] doing so they loosed [illegible] below. Senor Montez [illegible] The bodies of the Capta[illegible] thrown overboard, and [illegible] One of the slaves who [illegible] has since died. Josep[illegible] them are now below. [illegible] on deck and picked o[illegible] who had conspired to k[illegible] mulatto.)

The examination of th[illegible] the court returned by th[illegible] put it on board the W[illegible] being in consultation so[illegible] following decision:—

Joseph Cinquez, the [illegible] eight others, as named [illegible] stand committed for t[illegible] Circuit Court at Hartf[illegible] the the 17th of Sept. ne[illegible]

The three girls, and [illegible] boy, are ordered to give [illegible] $100 each, to appear b[illegible] and give evidence in th[illegible] for want of such bonds [illegible] the county jail in the [illegible] These persons were no[illegible]

Lieut. R. W. Mead, [illegible] Don Pedro Montez are [illegible] in the sum of $100 eac[illegible] evidence in said case, [illegible] court.

The court now finall[illegible] given an order to the [illegible] transport them to New [illegible]

As we were about to [illegible] was put into our hands [illegible] a request that it might [illegible] the city papers.

A CA[illegible]

New Lon[illegible]

The subscribers, Don [illegible] Pedro Montez, in grat[illegible] rescued for and provi[illegible] the hands of a ruthless [illegible] murderers and an awful d[illegible] means of expressing, in [illegible] their thankfulness and [illegible] Com. T. R. Gedney, [illegible] crew of the U. S. surve[illegible] for their decision [illegible] and, and their uncea[illegible] hospitality in providing [illegible] board their vessel as we [illegible] have taken for the protection of their property.

We must also express our indebtedness to that nation whose flag they so wo[illegible] with an assurance that this act will be duly appreciated by our most g[illegible] sovereign, Her Majesty the Queen of Spain.

Don Jose Ruiz,
Don Pedro Montez.

From the N. Y. Evangelist.

The Amistad, or the Mysterious Schooner.

The circumstances connected with the capture of this vessel, are calculated to awaken powerful emotions in the community. The story had been told by fragments in the daily papers, and may be briefly summed up in the following manner. About the 1st of August, there appeared in the papers a story of a vessel going from Havana to another port in Cuba, with a[illegible] 20 whites and a large number of slav[illegible] who murdered the whites, and made off w[illegible] the vessel. About the 26th of Aug. a myster[illegible]ous vessel was seen off the coast of Lon[illegible] Island and New Jersey, whose deck wa[illegible] covered with about 30 blacks. Unsuccess[illegible] ful efforts were made to secure her unt[illegible] Aug. 26th, when she was captured by Capt. Gedney, U. S. Brig Washington, and carried into New London. She proved to be the Amistad, Capt Ramonflues, from Havana bound to Port Principe, with 54 blacks and 2 passengers on board. At the head of the blacks was a noble negro was Joseph Cinguez son of an African chief, who roused his comrades to action, and by the destruction of the captain and three of [illegible] crew, acquired his liberty. They [illegible]

nish gentlemen, one an aged man whose was Pedro Montes, and the other Jose , who was their principal owner. se slaves had been purchased at Havana. slaving house which had just piratically orted them from Africa. They turned vessel to the east, and made for Africa. being able to navigate in the night, were obliged to trust the Spaniards, kept them on the coast of the United es until they were captured. The niards, of course, were rejoiced at the erance, for although the conduct of nez to them was surpassingly noble, their conscience could have foreboded hing but evil. The form and countene of Cinguez are said to be princely, exting strength combined with agility, and ageous intelligence combined with patism and philanthropy. The New Lon Gazette thinks he would "sell for $1500 r the hammer in New Orleans!" me on the man who could indite a sence so vile, at the end of a description such a noble specimen of humanity! me on Connecticut, that a paper so reant to the cause of humanity, finds a habitation and a name upon her shores! re are now alive 44 negroes, 3 of whom girls. Ten have died. The negroes been examined before the U. S. Dist Judge, are committed for trial before U. S. Circuit Court at Hartford, on the last. As the capture was made within jurisdiction of New York, however, it is ght the trial will be at this city. From e circumstances in the narrative, it as probable that the negroes, at the e of their rising, were nearly in a state starvation.

A nu nber of friends to human rights have inated Simeon S. Joselyn, Joshua Leand Lewis Tappan, a committee for atding to whatever may be necessary for respectable appearance and righteous atment of the prisoners. Donations may ent to either of the committee, who will nowledge the same, and make a public ort of all their disbursements. Eminent nsel, it is said, will be obtained for the oners.

The papers are generally at a loss on the stion.—Accused of piracy for defending nselves from the worst form of piracy, t shall be done with them? The land he FREE and the ASYLUM of the OPPRESS will find it difficult to act. If you justify n, you alarm the South. If you con n them, for what "by all the known s of ancient Liberty," you would in r circumstances extol them, how can meet the keen censure of the intelligent s! Suppose John Jacob Astor, Dr. ner, Mr. Bryant, Col. Stone and others, been taken by a pirate to the coast of ica, and had there succeeded in overering their *owners!* and coming back to erica, in what manner would their story hearsed? Would they be called pirates murderers? Would they not rather be d with enthusiastic welcome! These slaves are undoubtedly heathen, and of them most debased. One of them, to be peculiarly odious in his appear, is mentioned as a cannibal. The very theatre has availed itself of the exent of the subject, to make money, and king an old play, adding it one or two acteristic scenes, and getting up splendenery, is said to be drawing crowded nce. So it is. We can laugh at every serious, we can sympathize with every base, and be insensible as marble the most horrid representations of ession, provided it does not touch *us*—ded our interest can be better proed by a cautious silence. It should be mbered that these slaves were born in , and had only been from their native about six weeks, when they were sold vana. The following remarks from a pondent of the Commercial Adverdeserve attention.

To Editors of the Commercial Advertiser!

NTLEMEN.—It is but right that just on every question should be enterd by the public, even although cases be pending in our courts in which the n of such may be expected. If the in relation to the vessel with negroes, seized on our coast, are correctly ted in the Journal of Commerce, they only do present a question of great inand novelty, and one upon which intelligent man would like to be able rm an opinion. I had supposed that poor fellows on board that vessel were as slaves in Havana; but it would from the narrative of the Journal of merce, that when they were put on the vessel, they had not been more six weeks from Africa. If this be so, certainly were not slaves; for, by the of Spain as well as by the laws of nas, they must have been illegally and ically kidnapped, and never could be slaves, any more than you or I could were we subjected to the same lawless nce. They are and ever must be free ans as we were free Americans.

ow let me ask you:—Suppose a pirat Spanish vessel were to appear on our , and kidnap 50 or 60 of our citizens ing some dozen women and helpless dren, and take them to Havana, where should be suffered to be sold to a heart Spaniard engaged in trafficking in hufleh piratically stolen; and suppose purchaser were to fit out a vessel, put on board of it, and embark with them self, in order to convey them, as his es, to his plantation, there with their ring to be held in perpetual bondage; suppose, farther, that while on the voythey were to rise upon their oppressors, ve their liberty by putting him and his ts to death, and take the vessel into t Britain or any other civilized country; d they there, think you, be questioned murderers, either by the laws of the try or the laws of nations? or would n have the hardihood to demand them delivered up to her as pirates?

his, according to the narrative, is the state of the case; nor can it be viewed any other light, unless we renounce all boasted claims to humanity respecting slave trade, and go back to the period on that trade was a legalized branch of merce. Just as well might you or I, if kidnapped from our homes and secretly transported in a close carriage through the country to our place of doom, be treated as murderers were we to liberate ourselves by the death of those who imprisoned us, as these unfortunate Africans be charged with any offence in what they have done. I am very far from being tinctured with abolitionism, or from being disposed to resort to the common cant of the day on the subject of our domestic slavery. But on such an occasion as this, I can really see and feel that the color of the skin makes no difference in natural rights. To kill a white man or a black man has always been equally murder: to kidnap a white man or a black man is now and should always have been equally piracy. Nor can any one doubt that the rights of self-defence and self-protection belong in the same extent to both.

I apprehend, if the facts be as your correspondent states them, that these blacks are never to be conveyed from our own shores for trial. Spain has a right to claim her own subjects—if you please, her own slaves:—if charged with a crime committed on the high seas under her own flag; but these are none of her subjects, none of her slaves, and were never under her flag except by piracy, and a violation of the laws of Spain as well as of nations. Should she, in any way or on any grounds, make any claim for them, she becomes at once a party to the crime which tore them from their own country and exposed them to sale in her markets, against both of which she has stipulated in the most solemn treaties. By her treaties with England, not only has she bound herself to put down this accursed traffic, but has agreed that England may keep a board of commissioners at Havana, to see that it is not carried on. Under this agreement England does keep commissioners there, at her own expense and at the peril of their lives—a peril, I am told, so great as to render the arrangement almost nugatory.

AN AMERICAN LAWYER.

From the Boston Courier.

The African Captives.

We do not recollect any incident, for many years, the occurrence of which has caused so general a feeling of deep interest in the community, as the case of the Africans captured in the Spanish schooner Amistad. *Where* and for *what* are they to be tried, are questions that have been discussed in some of the newspapers; some contend that they must be tried in the district of New York—others, in that of Connecticut. Some suppose they must be tried for murder—others for piracy. We are not sufficiently familiar with the principles of law involved in these questions, to arrive at a conclusion satisfactory to ourselves, much less, to present an argument that may satisfy others.

These unhappy wretches are now in gaol. The crime, for which they are committed, in the technical language of the law, is called *murder* or *piracy*—perhaps both; and the punishment of either is death. In the language of humanity they have committed no crime at all. They have attempted to regain the liberty, in which they were born, and which has been wrested from them by robbers, pirates and murderers. In making this attempt they have done nothing more than every man in America would have done in similar circumstances, *if he had courage enough to do it;*—nothing more than the laws of God, the laws of man, and the instincts of nature, justify and demand. The unsophisticated common sense of mankind revolts at the idea of their having committed any crime.

The next step to be taken in regard to these captives, we presume, will be to present the case to a grand jury, and, if twelve men can be found, to say that they are guilty of murder or piracy, they must then be arraigned, and tried by another jury, before whom all the arguments that the ingenuity of lawyers can devise, will be urged with all the eloquence of the most accomplished orators of the land, to obtain a conviction. Can a jury of twelve men be found in the *free* states, that will convict these captives of a crime that will subject them to the punishment of death? We hope not. For the honor of a people, who call themselves enlightened and free;—for the honor of human nature, if human nature be not totally depraved and past all redemption;—we hope that there are not twelve men in our country, who would disgrace the name of an American by rendering a verdict of guilty.

But perhaps the Court will decide that the case is not within its jurisdiction, and that the prisoners must be delivered up to the Spanish government, to be disposed of as that merciful tribunal may decide. We all know, in such a case, what the end would be.

We are aware that, in the view of the conventional laws of nations, the case presents points of great difficulty; subjected to the laws of humanity, or morals, or religion, the case is as simple an one as can be imagined, and requires no casuistical argument. Every man, whatever be his nation, profession, or complexion, *feels* that the prisoners performed a deed of chivalry, that would, if they were not *black*, command admiration and applause.

Joseph Cinguez, the daring leader of this band of captives, is a hero, worthy to stand by the side of the noblest Roman, whose name ever graced the pages of history. And shall he be *hung* for striving to regain his liberty and give it to his fellow-captives? Shame, shame, on the law or the the country, which shall bring his life to such a termination. If they *hang* this noble fellow, the scaffold, on which he suffers will be a throne more brilliant than ever Alexander or Napoleon sat upon. He ought to enjoy the liberty for which he so bravely contended, amid the plaudits of fifteen million free Americans.—*Boston Courier.*

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

The disposal of the blacks captured in the schooner La Amistad, is likely to bring up questions of much interest.—We believe it is admitted that they were brought from Africa, and landed in Cuba, but a very few days before they were purchased by Ruez and Montes, and that they could not with any shadow of justice, be held as slaves previous to the purchase. They were stolen from the coast of Africa by pirates, (we use the word as applied to the slave trader in the law of civilized nations,) and Ruez and Montes, by the purchase, became the receivers of stolen goods, and should be held in the eye of the law as bad as the thief himself.—We have no commiseration for any man engaged in the African slave trade, either directly or indirectly, and would as soon see the man who purchased any part of the cargo, punished, as to see punishment inflicted upon the wretch who stole them from their homes. A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser puts the following questions as likely to arise in the discussion before the Courts.

1st. Do the laws of Spain prohibit the slave trade?

2d. If imported into Cuba in the month of June last, and that fact now admitted, had been established then, would they not under the laws of Spain, have ceased to be slaves?

3d. Are there any treaty obligations, or does the comity of nations require, or are there moral rights, which would justify, the delivery of these girls, or of any acquitted males, to the persons pretending to own them as slaves?

In reference to "acquitted males," it might further be asked have the United States Courts any jurisdiction in the case, so far as to try any of the blacks for murder, or if they ceased to be slaves," was it murder, if they put to death those who would take from them a natural right guarantied by the law of nations?

HERALD OF FREEDOM.

CONCORD: SEPTEMBER 14, 1839.

All men are by nature equally free and independent and have certain inherent rights, of which, when they enter into a state of society they cannot by any compact deprive or divest their posterity—namely the enjoyment of life and LIBERTY, with the means of acquiring and possessing property and obtaining happiness and safety.—CONSTITUTION OF VIRGINIA

The Congolese Hero.

We devote our sheet, this week, mainly to him,—this young and august chieftain, from the land of Juba and Hannibal. Providence has wonderfully cast him upon our shores. He comes to testify on the great question anti-slavery is laboring to settle before the nation, *that the negro is a* MAN. Our oblique minded people doubt this. If they reckon he is of an "inferior race," let them look on Cingues, as a strong specimen to be sure,—but still a sample of the *humanity* of his people. They may see by him, what are the capabilities of his race, as they call it.

The eyes of the agitated nation are upon him.—His mighty character is creating a sympathy wholly unlike any thing ever felt before for his color or his kind. It conflicts strikingly with the scorn and contempt felt by us, for the "negro race." Cingues has not drifted hither on the waves of chance. God has cast him here, at this crisis of human liberty. We hail him, all untaught and rough-hewn and savage, as he comes from the sable depths of the mourning continent. He is an unadulterated sample of the nature our *republicanism* is enslaving. One of our liberty sentinels estimates him, that he would bring $1500 in the New Orleans market!! Our country has got so as to look on his people merely with an eye to what they would *bring* in our slave markets.

That estimate they need not make on the mighty Cingues. Our editor was unwary to utter his judgment on the hero's price. The country does not generally, if we mistake not, think of him in *that behalf.* His price is not to be fixed—or paid. He dies here, the victim of *murdered* law, or he goes back to his country in freedom and honor. If they hang him, the law of the land hangs up with him. Every heart and head in the land (where the two exist in the same man) cry out instinctively, that he has committed no crime. But he does not go to the plantation. They dont have the *breaking* of him there—either in the United States or the *milder* island-servitude of the accursed Cuba. That princely neck bows not to their demon yoke. The sweat of their reptile toil will never moisten his Jove-like forehead. His kingly blood—they may shed it, and let their cannibal soil, drunk with "tarrying long at" the *human* banquet,—drink it up,—gushing warm from his mighty heart. But they don't have him on the plantation there to coil about his giant spirit the anaconda of the "peculiar institution." Thank Heaven for that.

We are not solicitous whether Cingues lives. Life can have but few charms for him. If he could be taught christianity, *from the bible*, existence were worth his while, and he might be a blessing to his countrymen. We trust pains will be taken to enlighten him,—not with the *light* of *American* christianity, or American republicanism. They have as many whips to them, as Medusa had snakes in her "*head of hair.*" We wish his noble eye could see the glorious pages of the bible. Will not the abolitionists see to this.

As an abolitionist we insist that the Africans ought not to be tried, and ought not to have been imprisoned. They are not suspected of crime and cannot be. The occasion of this imprisonment and trial is their color and their origin, and the fact of their being claimed as slaves. We treat them in this way, because we have enslaved their kindred. Why should they have been captured? What propriety or usage warranted the Brig Washington in taking them? We put it to the country, its law and its jurisprudence to say why is all this. What had these men done before they left their native land,—what in leaving it,—what crosing the old sea, reddened all the way by the track of a century's slave trade, what at Havana, and what, we challenge the land, what on the way to the den of that young Spanish Ruez—when they did what men could, to regain their wrested liberty and humanity, and what all men would,—and after they had slain the illfated Ramoaflues, what did they do, to merit capture or imprisonment?—Was it that they trusted Montes to steer them. Cingues could not steer, Cæsar could not or Hannibal any better than he. Napoleon must have trusted the false Spaniard, for all the native genius he possessed.

By the way, the callous hearted monster Ruez must have been keeping these poor victims as near starvation as practicable, without hazarding their lives, on that voyage to his plantation, for he says, he ordered *bread thrown to them to pacify them.* He thought they were rising for *bread*—Cingues was thinking of something he hungered more for. He was thinking of LIBERTY,—and his people were thinking of that—for they would not touch the base Spaniard's bread. That they were hungry and famishing appears from their devouring the sweet-meats and the medicines, as soon as they got their liberty. "*Ordered bread to be thrown to them,*" as the farmer throws corn knobs to his pigs in the pen—a pretty way of treating *men.*—Who does not feel his *nature* insulted, beyond the utmost christian endurance, by this swine estimation and treatment. We can forgive murder, or *any other injury.* But to be estimated as swine—to be FODDERED,—puts us beyond and below the forgiving capacity. Hogs can't forgive. No beasts of burden, it seems to us, are required to exercise christian charity. We are almost prepared to say that with the New Testament in his hand, Cingues might have risen from his brutality and asserted his right to be a man, even at the expense it cost that Spanish pirate. For how can a MAN consent to be a *slave!* We can scarcely maintain the calmness of an anti-slavery editor (and a storm becomes him, much better than a calm) when we look at this whole affair, and see, in the light of it, the temper and position of this slaveholding country. And we feel the more deeply, since, as abolitionists, we are identified, in estimation and treatment, with Cingues and his people. It is well perhaps we should be. We can thereby the more readily "remember those in bonds as bound with them."

The Boston Courier

Has done itself much honor by the fine editorial outbreak on the subject of the Spanish pirate. We publish it from regard to the eccentric and wayward editor, who, with all his freaks and frowardness, has occasional gleams of genuine humanity about him, which shine out in spite of the mists in which party and city pomposity involve him. At bottom Buckingham has a generous nature, and too much sense and talent to make a genuine pro-slaveryite. He would have made a capital abolitionist, had he been a christian. His bold spirit would have led him freely and fearlessly forward, and his fine talents as a writer would have been brought in this enterprise to a worthy theatre. He writes of Joseph Cingues and the case of the Amistad, like a man—a whole man—enough of a man to make an abolitionist. And he gets through his article, which an anti-abolitionist hardly ever does, without any slurs upon anti-slavery. If a pro-slavery man utters a truth or a just sentiment on the subject of slavery, he generally feels himself under the necessity of disclaiming that he is an abolitionist. *Speaking the truth* on the subject, he is aware, exposes him to suspicion. They will think me an abolitionist, he says to himself. I am not ready to incur the hazard or the ignominy of that. Telling truth about slavery incurs the suspicion. I will disclaim. Mr. Buckingham gets through his editorial without—which is an achievement.

Temperance.

[*Written for two weeks ago but crowded out by press of anti-slavery matter.*]

The cause has been pleaded at length here, in boldness and good earnest, by our decisive brother Hatch, Methodist clergyman of this place. The meeting was notified to be held at the Town Hall, but fortunately it turned out, that it could not be held there, not for the reason that shut that venerable edifice against anti-slavery lectures, but the more creditable one, that it would not hold the auditory. They thereupon adjourned to the old North Meeting-house, and filled up its ancient and ample seats.—The lecture was what is called ultra and harsh,—that is to say, *ultra* enough to come *nearly up* to the truth, and *harsh* enough to fulfil the duty of the lecturer to those who are suffering and perishing under the intolerable curse of intoxication. For when people talk of harshness on this subject, they forget that they owe sympathy and courtesy to any body in community but the promoters of intemperance. They owe no compassion to the drunkard, his widow (with a living dead husband) or his orphans (with an unburied dead father.) They are bound to be deferential to the distiller, the vender, the moderate and very respectable drinker, and the "brotherhood" public, who sustain and countenance all that is going on to reduce men to drunkards, and who then curse and jeer the drunkard—hoot at him as he staggers the highway or lays sprawled by the side of it, and kick him out, when he becomes so distracted as to mar the proprieties of the establishment, where his disease and ruin are manufactured. To all this the lecturer must have respect, or he is "*ultra.*" Our brother Hatch paid no such respect. He laid about him with the careless unceremoniousness of Sampson at Lehi. He smote the rum venders, "hip and thigh," from the stately hotel down through the subterranean grog-kennel, to the locomotive, which wheels (as he said) the "distilled damnation" about the villages. He disclaimed all protection from responsibility by any temperance society. He spoke for himself, he said, and would answer for his sentiments and doctrines. He took for his text the theme of the celebrated "ox discourse," and compared the rum seller to the owner of the beast, wont to push with his horn, who knew the beast's trick, and let him loose knowingly to gore community. He drew a vivid and most striking and apt picture of the effects of the traffic on the drinker, his wife and family, on community and finally on the unhappy dealer himself, and disposed, with short and rough hand, of the excuses for selling. Father Taylor of the Mariner's church is celebrated for his originality and strength, and his power on this question. We heard him before the Seaman's Friend Society, and *of* him on the temperance question. From all we learn, he falls behind brother Hatch, in all these qualities. Brother H. was original, striking, graphic and startling, without intending it, or feeling aware of it. He seems to lose sight of himself and to see only the drunkard, his family, his destroyer and the temperance cause. These he sees with a clear and strong vision. Father Taylor sees things pretty clearly and strongly, but among other objects, and one he does not lose sight of at all, is the rough, ranting, stout old Bethel orator himself. We may be prejudiced. Brother Hatch is a sterling abolitionist. Father Taylor as sterling the other way. Now we would not give a groat for a man's horror of strong drink, or his love of the drunkard, who is heartless for the slave and indifferent to the existence of slavery in the land. The *genuine* temperance man is an abolitionist, if he has heard of slavery. We wish brother Hatch's address could be printed—all who heard it will not need this, for they will *remember* it. But his manner and spirit cannot be printed.—They were exceedingly forcible. We have the best feelings towards the rum sellers and the same towards the drinkers. We think they are both mightily to blame for drunkenness, but not so much so as another class of community, who have stood by in the attitude of guardians and sentinels, and have faithlessly neglected to give the alarm. The professed christian and the prudent and cautious clergymen. These, especially of late, since the anti-slavery fanaticism, have held back from the temperance cause, or have prosecuted it by the help of *the law*, rather than the legitimate old way of moral agitation. They have grown shy of *this agitation*, and are abstaining from it on all subjects. They have grown apprehensive of the "protracted meeting," lest it should run into abolitionism, which indeed owes its spirit, if not its origin, in many hearts, to the "four days' meeting" agitation. We trust it will be revived. We hope to see the temperance enterprise pushed forward by it, and the religious protracted meetings resumed and carried to pentecostal extent. It all prepares the way for anti-slavery and mightily promotes it. We hope the lectures will be prosecuted in the spirit brother H. has begun them in. And further we hope soon to see brother Hatch in the anti-slavery field as a lecturer, and we move his immediate appointment and enlistment. He is the very man for the service, and his style of lecturing last sunday, the style of all others for the anti-slavery cause. He would awaken abolitionism from the slumber into which it has sunk. He would cause a shaking among its dry bones.

To the Rev. David Sutherland.

My dear sir,—I have time this week only to say a word or two to you in the performance of my weekly duty to yourself and those you represent on the present occasion. I have just seen an anti-slavery brother, who was present at his native town of Lyme, at the recent siting of your association there and learned from him, among other things, the *surprising* fact, that your brethren generally, did not openly refuse to take (many of them paying for it) a copy of Weld's recent work called "Slavery as it is." Others may feel encouraged at their going so far as to take this book. I think they will read it, for it is a terribly interesting work. It is as full of frightful incident, as the most eventful work of fiction. It shows the body of the American slave all scarred and cut up—cropped, mutilated,—hacked and hewed, like an old veteran rock maple, that has been tapped half a century.—Ears cut off—teeth knocked out—eyes gone—fingers and toes missing—starved and emaciated,—sold and bought more times than any old horse that has gone through the hands of half the jockeys in the country. Some of them real christians, thais, quasi christians—would be christians if they were not *slaves*, (which cant be christians fully.) separated in all the ties of human nature, which the system cant nullify. In short it is enough to make an angel weep, and devils laugh out.—Still it is not 'slavery as it is," by a whole world full. It don't begin to depict it. It is a sort of sketch for children. Men ought not to need to read it. Yet it is a book to be put into the hands of the "masters in Israel." They are just getting as far as that, in the anti slavery science.

Now, my venerable friend, allow me to say here by the bye, that although I regard that work as one of great interest and ability, I have no respect for a New England clergyman's consenting to buy it or accept it or read it, or for the abolitionism to be engendered by it in his heart or head. It is a proper book to inform the illiterate and uninformed people of the country. They need light on the practical nature of slavery. They must get it from anti-slavery men and books, whereas they ought long ago to have been furnished with it from the pulpit and the press. A clergyman ought to have been an abolitionist years ago, by force of his intelligence and knowledge of the country and its customs and character, and his knowledge of the Bible, showing his duty, and of his own christian feelings and principles, prompting him to perform it. He has no right to wait for West India experiments, or to be harrowed up into animal or mental excitement, by tales of horror and instances of diabolical cruelty.

I have long since done with looking at the South, for the guilt or the danger, or the chief mischief of slavery. The North and not the South, is the scene and theatre of all these. The root of slavery is imbedded in the North. Its leaves and blossomings and dead ripe fruitage are seen in the South. Its living and abiding destructiveness has its home among the hills of the North. There is the calm, settled, deliberate, organized, and *religious* malice against any interference with the infernal system. There it is authoritatively maintained, that bible christianity sanctions human enslavement. There the pulpit scowls at the abolitionist, and the meeting house door is shut in his face. There the county conference passes the insolent resolution, that he is not admissible to the pulpit or the platform, (we care nothing about his perching up in the pulpit) of the dedicated house, where custom leads the people to look for moral guidance and truth, without he *has consent of the pastor*—thus giving the pastor the key of knowledge, which he is sure to keep from being turned, and the key of sympathy. It gives him the formidable power of moulding the public sensibilities and sympathies to the furtherance of his own sectarianism, whatever it may be, and his own personal power and influence, which mankind are always too prone to seek and too fond of exercising. There, in the church meeting, anti-slavery is a prohibited theme, and the abo-

litionist a silenced man, while slaveholding is tenderly respected, and fellowshiped. There the pulpit, which the anti-slavery advocates must not enter, is open deferentially to the occupancy of the eloquent divine from the South, whose ease and convenience are the care and the duty of some *faithful* servant whom he has left behind him in the purlieus of the parsonage, lest coming north he might fall within the disturbing influence of the abolition fanaticism, and be taught the north star and the virtues of Canada line There, where the ecclesiastical association can meet, in the noble town of Lyme—that strong hold of anti-slavery and temperance, and hold a deliberative session, and take no thought of the slave system as an obstacle in the way of the Gospel, unless intruded upon it by some officious abolitionists;—where no free, spontaneous, or effective action is taken on so vital and awful a question, and nothing done, but the appointment of some committee to address the theology of the South, or something of that sort—not much matter what, in my humble apprehension. Here is the seat and fountain of the whole national mischief. It is pro-slavery, and not slavery itself, technically so called, that should give us alarm, and be the object of our assaults. Instead of looking south—we ought to *look about us*. Instead of a book on slavery, we want one on pro-slavery. *Pro-slavery as it is*—instead of "Slavery as it is," is the book we should have and should read and study, and its details and developements would alarm the sagacious mind far more than the animal lacerations of the plantation. It is that part of the slave system of America, which works in the northern community,—on the moral and spiritual plantations there,—about the northern press and the New-England pulpit, that should most dismay us. There is the great power wheel, that moves the machinery all the way from Canada to the Floridas, and propels the slave labor throughout the whole extent of the country. It is that which gives tone and character (all it has) to the nefarious scheme of easing the embarrassed country of its colored freedom.

Pro-slavery as it is! That's the work we want, and the need of it will be discovered, as the light of anti-slavery rises upon us. Then some mighty Weld or Garrison will give it to us. The great desideratum in all reformation is the discovery of the vital seat of the mischief. This at first is rarely detected, and much of the early effort of reform is wasted in misdirected blows. It was long before it was found that the first step in the temperance reform was to awaken, if not to *reform*, the christian church and her moderate drinking and circumspectly selling and manufacturing pastors and officers. It is said of Napoleon at his taking command at the seige of Nantz, that he withdrew at once all the warfare of the besiegers, and retired from the walls, and ordered a small battery to play on a detachment of the city forces that occupied a remote mount, overlooking the British fleet in the harbor and commanding the station of that fleet. It was that naval ally on which the beseiged depended, and were sustained. Possession of the little mound by Napoleon at once caused it to weigh anchor and put to sea, and the city fell without a struggle. May the time hasten when slavery's mount on our northern hills shall be battered clear of its occupancy, by our abolition artillery. It is even now playing upon it. The pro-slavery fleet will strike as soon as it is taken, and the peculiar institution will then vanish like a ghost at day break. I had not thought of writing at this length, and with no time to retrench or revise what I have penned, I hastily subscribe myself Truly your friend,

N. P. ROGERS.

New Organization.

The secession of our Massachusetts friends, some of them, from the old state society, if it does not endanger the anti-slavery cause, will, we fear, greatly embarrass if not hazard, the abolitionism of the seceding brethren. It is leading to painful and mortifying movements in various quarters of the state and to grievous conflicts, among those who were once heart and hand together in their great work. That bold men should have variety of opinion and judgement is to be expected, and there might have been debate and even conflict in the ranks, as Paul and Peter had sharp controversy so as to be personally sundered from each other. The field was broad enough for this. We should have regretted this somewhat, because of the beautiful harmony and brotherly love that knitted together the abolitionists as one man. But we could have borne it, as the cause grew expansive and the pressure from without grew feebler. But secession, and organized internal dissension—and warfare between abolitionists, not as to how they shall best compass their great object, which might have been done to unlimited extent, on the same old anti-slavery platform,—but with personal feeling and forgetful of the grand goal, this we cannot bear. The charm of the enterprise is broken. Its rain-bow is rent assunder. Its men have shown themselves, after all, weak like other men, and the cause must now wade to its accomplishment amid all the disadvantages of feud and strife. We protest against it—and in the name of the old Society of N. H. against all *new organization*.

Our friends the printers, in making up a scanty hymeneal department, to relieve the miserable monotony of a pro-slavery country, had the temerity, a week or two since, (we intended this rectification earlier, but it slipped our memory) to borrow a marriage from the Panoply; which however doubtful an authority on *human rights* generally, they thought too just to rob a newly married couple of each other, especially as they were both white. It had annexed Miss Abby F. Ingalls to Lewis Graham, Esq. of Franconia, for better or for worse. This annexation was implicitly copied into the Herald. We received a very handsome and pleasant letter from Mr. Graham (we trust he is an abolitionist) declaring the said lady he had not the pleasure of knowing. That he was recently married—not to Miss Ingalls, but to Miss *Hannah Noyes*, and he seemed unwilling the match should be broken up in behalf of any other lady.—We hasten to correct the misjoinder—and (in behalf of our typographic friends) ask pardon of her, *that was Miss Noyes*, for keeping her—so far as our paper goes—from the honor of being a genuine *Grahamite*,—and of Miss Ingalls (if she exist) for tantalizing her with the idea of being wife to so pleasant a husband as Mr. Graham must be, judging from his pleasant and ingenious letter. We trust the next time we have the honor to announce her marriage, there will be "no mistake"—and to avoid it, she will have the goodness to order it *first* published in the *Herald* of *Freedom*. And if she does not marry a *Graham* it may be all the better for the printers—since they would prefer a bit of plumb cake to the "Graham bread" which they would otherwise expect as their guerdon.—Be it known then, to all to whom these presents may come, that LEWIS GRAHAM Esq. is married to Miss HANNAH NOYES, (who has well exchanged her *indecisive* name of No-yes) and that Abby F. Ingalls, if she be not an *abstraction*,—a creature of the fertile fancy of our neighbor Kimball, is still free to accept of whatever fish flesh or fowl, Providence may cast in her way or upon her board.

Newbury, N. H. Sept. 2, 1839.

Mr. Rogers, Dear Sir,—I am still toiling for the slave up here among the granite hills and with some success. In reply to the saying that abolitionism is going down, I can say it is going down the throats of the people as fast as they can swallow it. As the attention of the people has been turned to haying and the harvesting of their grain, the last four or five weeks, I have not held so many anti-slavery meetings as in the early part of the season, yet I am at work preaching, and exerting all the influence I can against the great pillar of slavery here at the North, prejudice, and have the satisfaction of seeing it *weaken* away in a great degree. Last Tuesday, 27th ult., I came on to Bradford, next town to this, to attend the conference of churches and ministers, of the Free Will Baptists. The tide of abolition is quite up in this body. But a strong current of pro-slaveryism became apparent in the town, and when assembled in public meeting one word advanced in sermon or exhortation or prayer, any way in reference to abolition, seemed to move *them* as though they had been touched with a galvanic battery. After all, they did not escape without a number of heavy abolition shots. On sabbath I gave three discourses at the south meetinghouse in this town. If a boa constrictor had been exhibited there could not have been greater curiosity to see, than to see a species of goods and chattels preach Christ and him crucified. The people could not all get into the house. All passed off well and solemn. Monday I gave a lecture of more than two hours in length at Bradford village. Quite a good congregation in attendance of the most influential citizens of the place. I never saw an audience more attentive and exhibit more sympathy for the slave. I have no doubt but the seed is sown in the place that will yet produce a good harvest. I have been cordially received and kindly treated since I have been in this place, and the people seem to think a colored man is a *man* and not a brute, and all they want is light to convince them that slavery is wrong. I am to lecture to-day, at 3 o'clock, P. M., at the south meetinghouse in this place. I find here a strong tide of pro-slavery. But here are some decided abolitionists. One man has sent a note to me saying he cannot be an abolitionist because he thinks slaves are better off than to be free, and requests me to answer this in my lecture. Poor man! would he feel better off to leave his wife and home and children, and go to the rice swamps of the South without compensation? I fear he has not learnt the golden rule of Christ,—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

To-morrow I am, if spared, to go to New-London, to lecture, and then on to Springfield, Enfield, Orange and Canaan, noted for the reign of mobocracy in the removal of the academy to the swamp. The invitation I am informed was sent by the concurrence of some that were engaged in that shameful tragedy. If they are ready to atone for the act by admitting a colored man to plead his cause, let us forgive, and pray for the triumph of truth among them. Sir, the friends of humanity have reason to take courage and go on. Truth and justice is on our side, and success will surely crown our labors in the end. I am confident the slave will yet enjoy the result of those labors, and they enjoy the blessing of God and the benediction of millions now in bondage. And to you, sir, I would say, take courage. The Herald is doing much to enlighten the public, it is a noble pendant flashing around the granite hills. It has done and is doing good and will do more. It ought not to be lowered one inch, but raised if possible. Adieu—to God be all the glory, and in Him be our trust.

Yours truly in the cause of the slave,

JOHN W. LEWIS.

Who 'll second the motion! Proposal and Offer.

Friend Rogers Sir,—The first two articles of the Constitution of the American colonization society, read as follows:

"Article. 1st. This society shall be called the American Society for colonizing the free people of color of the United States."

"Article. 2d. The object to which its attention is to be exclusively directed, is to promote and execute a plan for colonizing (with their consent) the free people of color residing in our country, in Africa, or such other place as Congress shall deem most expedient. And the society shall act to effect the object in co-operation with the general government, and such of the states as may adopt regulations on the subject."

Now if the society above named, will alter or amend the above articles so as to read as amended below, and thus far prove that they are not *prejudiced* against the "people of color," I will give to the aforesaid society, for their own proper use and benefit, a good new carriage, worth, at the apprisal of men, one hundred dollars; with a seat in it large enough for *two* agents, pale or colored, to sit comfortably upon, whilst travelling to lecture and collect funds for the society. And I will find a man, who will give a beast worth as much more, to use in the carriage; and another, who will give a harness worth twenty five dollars to use on the beast. All to be ready for the society's use, in sixty days after I get notice that the society has adopted the amended articles.

Articles as amended.

"Article 1st. This society shall be called the American Society, for colonizing the *free people*" "of the United States."

Article 2d. The object to which its attention is to be exclusively directed is to promote and execute a plan for colonizing"** the *free people*"** of the United States, who may, from time to time, offer themselves as colonists; or consent to be colonized "in Africa, or such other place as" the colonists themselves "shall" choose to go, to or "deem most expedient." And the society shall act to effect the object in co-operation with the general government and such of the states as may adopt" benevolent regulations "on the subject."

I wish sir, that the above proposal and offer might be made known to the colonization society through the press, hence I send it to you, that if you approve, you might cause it to be inserted in some periodical devoted to humane, or benevolent objects, and request Editors throughout the United States to copy &c.

SIMEON TERRY.

Boscawen Aug. 31st, 1839.

We publish our friend Terry's generous offer, and are not afraid (though we should be, if colonization was *honest* for we have no carriage, horse or harness money to spare) to go his halves. We will help any agent of a society to help off *free* people, though we should rather have them stay. We have none to spare, *really free* people. We would double friend Terry's offer, if the Society will amend, so as to go for the benefit of *white* people, who are *masters* of slaves,—viz to colonize, with their consent, the *slaveholding white people*, in Juan Fernandes or such other *island* without the United States, as Congress &c. We treat Colonization with all due gravity. It is not the most solemn enterprise that ever was. It cant look in the glass and look sober. See if the Society will help JOSEPH CINQUEZ back to his "*Father land*" and *mother* land, *native* land, and *home*, and *country*, and *friends!* We guess not. Joseph has not been here long enough to become a *native African*. His nest on the benighted continent is too warm yet for him to *consent* to go back to it.

Heraldry of Oppression.

Leverett street Jail, Cell No. 21.
Boston, Sept. 7, 1839.

Brother Rogers:—Your paper is well employed in the *heraldry of freedom*, but I wish you would afford a small space to *herald* a little *oppression* for me. This you can do without going far out of your way; for freedom is worth as much to the white, (and certainly I contend for *no more*,) as to the black man My oppression is, to be sure, of very short duration, but it involves a mighty principle. Whether a christian shall enjoy his freedom of conscience in this country, is yet to be determined. Thrice have I been imprisoned, because I would not yield my freedom of conscience. Your opinion may not coincide with mine, but I assert without fear of contradiction, that the day draws near, when no man can lay claim to the character of a christain, who will 'shoulder arms' and engage in the preparation for "carnal" warfare. That day has overtaken many already, who, like myself, are repeatedly suffering "bonds and imprisonment," in various parts of the country. The penalty as it regards duration, as I have already said, is light in Massachusetts, though the Legislature designed no doubt, it should be a bitter cup. I expect a resident of your state would fare worse than we do in Massachusetts. How is that friend Rogers? Our imprisonment here is only six days, and that but once a year. There is no "muster," and but one "training" in this state now; and that so farcical, that were it not that a serious principle is involved in the matter, most men would cluster to be "enrolled," for the sake of such vain sport. Those of a certain district assemble a few hours some afternoon in May, and a man holding a 'commission' acts as clown, and heads the play; though he always gets the worst of the *play* himself. In a large number of towns in this Commonwealth, this one "training" is dispensed with for the want of a clown to take the "commission," for the boys will not *play*, unless some one takes the lead, who is "authorized as the law directs." Now if this mere sport was the only design of the militia system, I should have my objection to it, but these objections would be of a different character, and I should not suffer imprisonment as the only present remedy.

But, I begun to enquire of you Mr. Editor, respecting the law in New Hampshire—whether there is more than one fine or imprisonment in the course of the year? And also I wish to enquire whether all professed christians have consciences of such an elastic nature, that they can be the followers of Him who was never known to "strive" nor let his "voice be heard in the streets"—that they can buckle on "carnal weapons' and give countenance to a system of wholesale butchery? I feel deeply interested on this subject. Young men, who expect to 'pass muster, as true and tried "soldiers of the cross" in this day of special "recruit," must make up their minds to renounce every other flag. The day for 'serving two masters' with any fair prospect of pleasing one or the other, has gone by, I hope forever. 'Prudence' and 'expediency,' have prolonged that kind of double dealing politeness, till it has almost deprived the church of vitality. It has been *prudent*, and *expedient*, to fellowship war and slavery in the church till there is little else left to fellowship. But, if I mistake not, there is a generation of 'sons of the church,' coming on to the stage of action who will spurn such pusillanimous conduct.

Yours in the hope of universal Liberty.

DAVID CAMPBELL.

We promptly respond to the appeal of our captive brother Campbell, whom we regard as the victim of a ridiculous system of apery, kept up under pretence of preparing for bloodshed and murder, whereas its only effect is to train brutality to cowardice and insubordination.—The whole war system is one of savage and brutal murder. There is no apology for it, any more than there would be for setting party disputes, in Boston or Concord, by this military force, or settling family or neighborhood misunderstandings, in the same way. The brutality of the principle of the system is equalled only by the nonsensical apery of the practice. This testimony we bear every where against it, and we hope for the time and look for it, when it will be viewed generally with the contempt and abhorence it deserves. We exhort our brother Campbell to bear his imprisonment patiently and cheerfully. We should rather *bear* six days incarceration in Leverett street jail, than *bear* arms half a day, in the wake of an accoutered monkey. The degradation of it would be intolerable. It has all the wickedness of the actual service muster without any of its dignity or importance. Our brother C. does right and well to go to jail, in preference to training. If his jail air is good, it is a less privation to a sensible man, and almost any atmosphere smells as well as rum and gunpowder. We are not disposed to trifle with the oppression of our friend. By no means. We regard it as high handed, in this case, and a plain invasion of liberty of conscience. As much as to say, you may enjoy liberty of conscience if you will do it in close confinement. You can't have it abroad among us. You may be as conscientious as you choose in the cells of Leverett street. We hope other papers will copy this letter of brother C. and accompany it with an expression of their feelings, those that have any feelings, and are not worshippers of *General Muster*.

As to the New Hampshire militia law, about which friend C. inquires, we are glad to say we doubt whether we know what it is. We have not recently had occasion, or desire, to look at it and our solemn legislature have made (probably) improvements and changes lately to suit the varying *emergencies of our beloved country*. Our general remembrances of the N. H. war code, the last we can remember of it, is that the *bull-wark* of the country mustered under their company Cæsars and Bonapartes, sometime a-long every May, for half a day, about some meeting house, there shouldered hook and fixed baganet, and wheeled this way and that, and fired off their brave old pieces, *one after another*,—and had one great training in the fall of the year, and the penalty for non-appearance was $2, and $3, respectively, which, if not paid on sale of goods on distress warrant, subjected the delinquent, we believe, to commitment, in one of our nuisances, called "county jails," and which would disgrace any semi-civilized community. Whether he can swear out for want of means we don't remember. Brother C. won't require us to look up our later statutes to see how all this brilliant business stands at present. If a man *swears out*, we will add, he must give 15 days notice of his intent to do so. This is the substance we believe of the code Napoleon of this republic of N. H.

The Silk Business.—The Northampton Courier states that there are growing in that vicinity at least one million mulberry trees, not including innumerable seedlings. These trees are not owned by mere speculators, but by persons engaged in the manufacture of silk. Of the raw material more will be manufactured in the town than for the last ten years taken together, as the bounty given by the state will make it a most lucrative species of employment. It is farther stated that five or six different individuals are feeding from one to two thousand worms each, and many have smaller quantities, besides the immense number which have already wound their cocoons.

The population of Ohio is now estimated at 1,799,000. In 1800 she numbered less than 50,000 inhabitants.

African Slave Trade.—The following item of intelligence indicates the abolition of the African slave trade, in Buenos Ayres:

"*Slave Trade.*—A decree appeared in the Gaceta this week, appointing the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Don Felipe Arana, Minister Plenipotentiary on the part of this Republic, for the purpose of concluding a convention with her Britanic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary, John H. Mandeville, Esq. for the effectual abolition of the Slave trade, in accordance with the 14th article of the treaty of friendship, commerce and navigation between Great Britain and this Republic. It is stated that the convention was signed by the respective Plenipotentaries yesterday, the birth-day of Queen Victoria."

It is stated that the American Government has refused to take any cognizance of the American Captain and American built vessel captured in the African slave trade, by a British ship, and brought to New York. We are not apprised of the grounds of such refusal Indeed the case is barely hinted at.—All explanation is avoided. There has been a palpable winking at this trade, on the part of the United States, for several years. It has greatly increased, and with impunity, until within about twelve months, when the British cruisers took it in hand.

The United States Consul at Havana, Mr. Trist, is accused of furnishing papers for slave ships contrary to law. There has just been a meeting of ship masters, in New York denouncing the conduct of Mr. Trist, for various doings, in his office. His patronage of the slave trade is not noticed. How extraordinary it is, to find every department of commerce ready to countenance the enlargement and continuation of slavery, even in its worst abominations, the slave trade itself.—*Cin. Gazette.*

Death of Commodore Patterson.—The National Intelligencer of Monday, has the following melancholy intelligence:

"We regret to announce that our esteemed fellow citizen, Commodore Daniel T. Patterson, of the United States Navy and Commandant of the Navy Yard and station in Washington, expired on the morning of Sunday, the 25th inst. at a quarter past 3 o'clock, at his residence in the said yard, after a short but severe illness of about thirty hours."

HYMENEAL.

In this town, on the 5th inst. by Rev. Mr. Noyes, Mr. Curtis Fulton, Printer, of Bellows Falls, Vt. to Miss Elizabeth Glover, of this town.

In Newport, on Thursday the 15th inst., by Rev. J. Woods, Mr. David S. Wilcox to Miss Syrena Thatcher, both of Newport.

In Haverhill, on the 4th inst. by Rev. Mr. Fleming, George W. Haven Esq. of Portsmouth, to Miss Helen C. Bell, daughter of Joseph Bell, Esq.; Mr. John A. Page, Cashier of Grafton Bank, to Miss Martha M. Ward.

OBITUARY.

In Worcester, on Monday evening, Aug. 19, Rev. Aaron Bancroft D. D. aged 84. for more than fifty years pastor of the Second Congregational (Unitarian) Society in W.

In Dunstable, Mass. Mr. Zeledee Kendall, father of the Post Master General.

In Hartford, Conn. Mr. Huntley, father of Mrs. Sigourney.

In Cheltenham, Eng. July 23d, Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, a native of Nantucket.

In Canaan, Aug. 11, Ellen Maria, infant daughter of Jonathan Kittredge Esq.

REMITTANCES.

Wm Kent, A M Chase, J S Sanborn, J Blake, Caroline Weston, W Everett, W Russell, John Melendy, W B Smith, E Brackett, A Saltmarsh, Jona Hoag, Jos Moss, J S Loveland, Smith & Thompson, Tobias Foss, Jos Huse, E Colburn, E Kilburn, T Hodgman, Frederick Eaton, $1,50 each.

Thos Coffin, $7,50—Arthur Robbins, $[illegible] dy, $4,50—N Farley, W W Estabro[illegible] J B Rogers, J Dearborn, F W Gu[illegible] $3 each—H Fessenden, D L F[illegible] Thompson, $2,75 each—N Me[illegible] each—J LeBosquet, $2,40—J [illegible] J C Ball, 1,37—D Mills, 1,17—[illegible]—J Bishop, W Palmer, 75 cts [illegible] S B Twitchell, J Blanchard, [illegible] Brown, 37 1-2 cents.

HILLSBOROUGH CO. [illegible] RY SOCIE[illegible]

This Society will hold an [illegible] election of officers and transa[illegible] ness, at the Town Hall in W[illegible] DAY of OCTOBER next, at 10 [illegible] hoped that the abolitionists [illegible] be wide awake and zealous [illegible] time, and give a full delegat[illegible] of the county.

A. G. C[illegible]

New Fall G[illegible]

THE subscriber has just re[illegible] sortment of new Goods of [illegible] —some of which are the follo[illegible]

Blue, black, brown green, drab, mixt, and other Broad Cloths	Printed & Muslin de Laines
Kersey, Pilot Cloth and Petersteen for outside Coats	Printed Saxony Cloths for Dresses
Buckskins of different qualities	Alepines
Cassimeres and Satinetts	Black and color'd Silks
Silk and worsted Vestings	Brown, black, and blue black Cambleteens
5-4 and 8-4 Highland Shawls	Also Alpacca Cloths—a new article for Cloaks
5-4 6-4, & 8-4 Merino do.	Kid and silk Gloves of all kinds
6-4 and 8-4 worsted do.	Buck Gloves for Men
Cotton and silk, raw and sewing Silk.	Also 50 prs. Plymouth do extra stout
Shally & fancy Handk'fs	Bleached and unbleached
Black & color'd Merinos	Sheetings and Shirtings.

Also—Men's, boy's, and children's thick boots,—thick Shoes and Brogans; children's and ladies' Shoes; sole Leather; Porto Rico Molasses; Sugars, Teas, Coffee, Saleratus, Oil, Rice and Raisins. W. Lake Sheetings sold by the Bale. Also, Cotton Battings, a first rate article.

Wanted, in exhange for the above Goods, Flannels, Socks, Draws, and most kinds of country produce.

M. CHAMBERLAIN.

No. 3 Williams' Block Sept 14, 1839.

JAMES EATON,

MANUFACTURER OF

[illegible], Bowling Pieces, [illegible],

AND LOCKS OF ALL SIZES AND DESCRIPTIONS.

PERCUSSIAN CAPS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

☞ Repairing done in the best manner.

29 CONCORD, N. H.

☞ New Arrivals. ☜

JOHN A. LEIGHTON

HAS just recieved (opposite the Phœnix Hotel) a large and splendid assortment of

FANCY GOODS,

Among which are the *best assortment of HORN & SHELL COMBS* that can be found any where in this town or vicinity,

Elegant Bead BAGS and Bead Purses,	Silver Thimbles,
Ever Pointed Pencils,	White Wax,
Fancy Boxes,	Thread—Tape,
Pocket Books—Wallets,	Sewing Silk, (first rate)
Cologne,	Victoria sewing Needles,
	Brushes of all kinds.

—ALSO—

SOLID-HEADED PINS, a new and durable article, DEPILATORY POWDER, for removing superfluous Hair,

ETHIOPIAN DYE, for Coloring the Hair, Oils, Soaps, Razors, Pocket and Pen Knives &c. &c,

FASHIONABLE HAIR WORK.

Puffs, Curls, Frizetts, &c., constantly on hand—and any article in this line manufactured to order at a short notice. *READY MADE SHIRTS*, Bosoms, Collars, Suspenders, Travelling Baskets, Band Boxes,—and almost every thing else customers may want, in the line of Fancy Goods, may be procured at the Store directly opposite the Phœnix Hotel. (Remember the place.)

Concord, Sept. 1, 1839.

POETRY.

☞ The following lines are from the pen of our esteemed friend John Scoble, of England.—*Ed. Liberator.*

Lines,

Addressed to Mrs. S ——. In England, by her husband, from Demerara, in the year 1836.

Thy memory, like music, steals
Into my heart, and there reveals,
Within its dearest, chief recess,
Thine image in its loveliness:
Such as thou wert in virgin prime,
Ere touch'd by sorrow or by time;
Model of beauty and of grace,
With Heaven's own imprint on thy face,
Severe in sanctity and truth,
For pity had hallowed youth;
Yet gentle, placable, and mild—
In temper as a little child:
Fragrant as flowers wert thou to me,
And wilt, dear Love, for ever be.

But what though Time has touch'd thy brow,
And dimm'd the lustre of its snow;
But what though Sorrow's pointed dart,
Hath sometimes smote thy gentle heart;
Yet thou'rt more beautiful to me,
Than in thy youthful majesty;
Yet thou'rt more dear than in the hour
When first I felt thy magic power.
I see thee now fill up thy place,
With all a wife's a matron's grace,
With all a christian's zeal and care—
Example lovely as 'tis rare:
And my heart blesseth thee the while
I mark thy freedom from all guile;
O may thy children ever prove
As greatly good as thou, my love! S.

To the Same,

On the return of their fourteenth wedding day, in 1839.

Life were a dark and weary pilgrimage,
Uncheer'd, unblest by woman's radiant smile:
'Tis hers its toil and tedium to beguile,
And shed a lustre over youth and age.
A woman's love—how tender and how dear!
A woman's love—how faithful and sincere!
Help meet for man, unmurmuring, she bears
His waywardness and folly, and with tears
And looks, more eloquent than speech, reproves,
Refines, and elevates the man she loves!
O best of women! much to thee I owe—
A home of bliss, and warm affection's glow;
And, as the treasures of thy heart are mine,
The tribute of my dearest love be thine. S.

☞ The following Sonnets were written by William Lloyd Garrison, while incarcerated in prison in 1831.

The Free Mind.

High walls, and huge, the body may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:
Yet scorns th' immortal MIND this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose:
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fire-side tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours.
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star!

To Sleep.

Written the next morning after my incarceration.

Thou art no fawning sycophant, sweet Sleep!
Who turn'st away whenever fortune frowns,
Leaving the stricken wretch alone to weep,
And curse his former opulent renown:
O, no! but here—even to this desolate place—
Thou com'st as 'twere a palace trimm'd with gold;
Its architecture of Corinthian grace;
Its gorgeous pageants dazzling to behold:—
No prison walls nor bolts can thee affright—
Where dwelleth innocence, there thou art found!
How pleasant, how sincere wast thou last night!
What blissful dreams my morning slumber crowned!
Health-giving Sleep! than mine a nobler verse
Must to the world thy matchless worth rehearse,

To the Victim of Tyranny,

Who may hereafter be imprisoned in this cell.

Pris'ner! within these narrow walls close beat,—
Guiltless of horrid crime or trivial wrong,—
Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
And in thy innocence be tall and strong!
Perchance thy fault was love to all mankind;
Thou did'st oppose some vile, oppressive law;
Or strive all human fetters to unbind;
Or would'st not bear the implements of war:—
What then? Dost thou so soon repent the deed?
A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honor with thy Lord to bleed,
And glory midst th' intensest sufferings!
Though beat—imprisoned—put to open shame—
Time shall embalm and magnify thy name.

For the Herald of Freedom.

Compliment to Granny Slavery.

A monster with tiger-tearing claws—
Of all villanies the sum,
Author of infamous robber laws,
And mocker of the dumb.

Monster! with devouring bloody mouth,
Of all human ills the chief,
And den-est yonder at the South,
Art a man-abusing thief.

Monster! with a beastly crushing hoof,
Of family domestic ties the bane;
And never cries enough, enough,
And plies the gag, whip and chain.

An old wrinkled despot, the world's scourge and dread,
Of tyrant skill and sway,
Her suckling whelps are slaveites sumptuously fed,
The poor, defenceless, and innocent her prey.

An adulterous, amalgamating wretch,
With breath of deadly fire
Whose clutches take a northern stretch,
And our freemen suffer by her.

Faithless, frowning demon, with eyes flashing hate,
Of colonization hue,
Seen clear—molested, infuriate of late
Her enemies so body pursue.

Blasphemous infidel, God-mocking creature,
Upon his word a libel,
Malicious murderer, deformed in every feature,
Yet said by some descended from the bible.

S. TERRY.

MISCELLANY.

MOTHERS, WILL YOU READ IT?

A dialogue on Parental duty in relation to the seventh command, between Mrs. Prudent and Mrs. Conscientious.

BY REV. E. GALUSHA.

(Continued.)

Mrs P. Pray you the Lord that none of these things befall me,—but are you sure that it is not safe to leave our children to the dictates of that inherent virtuous sensibility, which repels the first approach of temptation?

Mrs C. Permit me to remind you, dear sister, that sensibility, writhes in the crushing folds of the serpent lust—and would you leave it, unaided, to sustain the eventful contest? Would you abandon a tender lamb to the mercy of a voracious wolf? If the bold reformer was constrained to hasten to the support of his youthful friend, lest old Satan should prove too strong for young Melancthon, will you not fly to the rescue of young sensibility, in a deadly conflict with her veteran foe? You seem not to have sufficiently studied the character of fallen human nature. You trust too much in its fancied integrity. Have you overlooked, or forgotten the Saviour's graphic description of its turpitude! 'Out of the heart,' said he, 'proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blashphemies.' Here you see that the heart contains the seeds of this loathsome sin, as well as every other, and is itself a hot bed to excite and accellerate their vegetation—while the arch-seducer, as the Devil's gardener, is ever ready to rear the soulpoisening plants to baleful maturity. Can we rely on "an inherent and virtuous sensibilty" to cure all the moral maladies of the soul?—Is there no need of extraneous remedies in any whatsoever? If in any other why not in this? Is it not of as long standing, as deep rooted, and stubborn? Are not symptoms as alarming? Is not its progress as rapid? Are not its ravages as fearful? Search the history of our race, as see if they have not been as much addicted to this, as any other sin. In every age, every nation, every clime, every rank, every condition—from the sceptred monarch, to the cringing vassal—from the pampered lord to the famishing mendicant—from the polished scholar to the rude barbarian—in the bustling city and the retired hamlet—in the splendid mansion and in the rustic cabin. What caused fire from heaven to descend upon Sodom and Gomorrah:—and streams of burning brimstone to scorch their lovely plains? What sin has done most to sap the foundation of empires, and prostrate the walls of cities? What has most corrupted and debased mankind, in every period of the world? What furnished for the report of the city of Paris, in 1801, nearly 5,000 illigitimate births, and in 1803, more than 12,000 *protected* prostitutes, 1552 kept-mistresses, and 308 licensed public brothels? What in our own metropolis, has placed 10,000 females on the roll of infamy, and sent an equal number every five years, from their miserable pallet of straw, to an untimely and an unattended grave.—What has destroyed the peace of thousands of happy families, and brought grey headed fathers and mothers, "with sorrow down" to the dust? What has clothed the church of Christ with sackcloth, and wrapped in shades of everlasting disgrace, many who had been invested with sacerdotal robes? I anticipate your answer. Let me ask you, then, is *this* the impetuous stream of moral corruption breaking from the deep fountains of nature, which is to be stayed in its desolating course without one artificial barrier? That you may see the result of leaving the restraint of libidinous passions, and the resistance of outward temptations, wholly to native virtue, I will give you an extract from a recent letter of an observing and faithful Missionary sister, who has for many years labored in heathen lands. She says—"in this country the Burmans, (with some little exception at the court of Ava,) never expect a boy or girl to grow up virtuous, and their not being so is no hinderance to a good marriage. And adultery is exceedingly common among all classes of society. We have had more than twice as much trouble with *this sin*, in our Burman churches, as with all others put together. There is some public feeling against it among the Karens, but still the state of society is here, *wretched* indeed. I am fully of the opinion, that the only way to reform society in America, is for parents to teach their children as Solomon did. The idea that they can be kept ignorant of these evils, and therefore pure, is certainly a deception."—With such a testimony before you, will you allow your hopes to still cling to the miserable *wreck* of fallen nature?

Mrs P. To what else can I adhere? for I would not abandon even a 'wreck,' for the open sea.

Mrs C. Nor need you since the rock of eternal ages is at hand

Mrs P. Please to drop your figures, and tell me plainly, on what you would have me depend, to preserve my dear children from moral pollution; for that is an evil which I depreciate more than *death*.

Mrs C. That I will do most cheerfully, and with the utmost confidence commend to you the word of God—which "is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two edged sword" "Where the word of a king is, there is authority"—And this is the word of the *King of kings*, who 'spake and it was done—commanded and it stood fast.' This great and terrible God, uttered his voice amid Sinai's thunders, on this identical subject—saying "Thou shalt not commit *adultery*." (Which as I before said, is a prohibition of every species of lewdness.) The sacred Decalogue of which this is an important part, was accompanied by the following solemn injunction, "And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt *teach them diligently to thy children*, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.' This positive and pointed direction, leaves it not optional with parents, to teach their children the Seventh Command or not—but renders the duty absolutely imperative. For them to neglect it, then, is not only to jeopard the character and souls of their offspring, but also to to involve themselves in high handed rebellion against God. How can you dear sister, hope to escape, if you thus provoke the Lord? Or how can you expect heaven's protection when you cast away heaven's shield? Do you not regard it as an imperious duty to imprint upon the minds of your children, all the other ommandments of the tables of the law, as preventives of the sins forbidden? Do you not strive to inspire them with a sense of the majesty, and power, and justice, and holiness of the Lawgiver, and the dreadful consequences of violating his precepts? And do you not rely upon the fear of the Lord, instead of their innate rectitude, to preserve them from all those evils? Pursue the same course in relation to the sin in question, and you will find 'the commandment of the Lord *pure*, enlightning the eyes; the testimony of the Lord *sure*, making wise the simple: the law of the Lord *perfect*, converting the soul; and the fear of the Lord *clean*, enduring for ever.' In so doing you may expect the promised aid of the Holy Spirit, whose efficacious influence are *vouchsafed*, to accompany the faithful application of the word of God. This is the remedy which infinite wisdom and benevolence have provided; and is it not preposterous to suppose that finite skill or prudence can supersede it? Remember that it is written, "cursed is he that trusteth in man, or maketh flesh his arm." Our gracious Sovereign has given us a perfect rule for every duty he has enjoined upon us. A constant and careful observance of that rule ensures success—while a departure therefrom, is certain defeat. There is a pole-star in the moral heavens, towards which every divine precept invariably points—to deviate from its direction, therefore, is as presumptuous, as for the mariner to depart from the course dictated by his unerring compass, which alone can guide him safely to his desired haven. The Lord's plan is complete. It admits of no abridgement, no supplement, no improvement—a faithful co operation with him in its execution, is all that our good and his glory demand. In doing this, we must regard him not only as our lawgiver but also as our 'ensample,' and 'be followers of him as dear children.' As to the present case, we should entertain such views of the sin as he does—cherish the same feeling towards it, and treat it in the same manner. He looks upon it as a ruthless war upon his government and our happiness; and thus should we consider it. He feels towards it the greatest abhorence—and so should we. To prevent his children from being smitten with the curse, he exhibits the monster in his most hideous form, lifts up his warning voice, and bids them escape for their life! So to save our children from his cruel grasp, we must present him to their view in his most terrific aspect, sound the alarm, and command them to speed their flight—nor tarry in all the plain. Thus has our heavenly father given us his precept and example, to teach us how to train the young immortals, committed to our care. Now, for this gracious provision, will you dare to substitute flattery or lies, silence or shame, to keep your dear children from the path of her, whose house is in the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death? If so, what tremendous consequences may not ensue.

Mrs P. I cannot resist the force of your reasoning: but my difficulties are not all removed. I hope, therefor, you will not consider me guilty of sacrilege while I ask, candidly, if you do not think the Bible account of the sin of uncleanness, awakens in the minds of the young, impure emotions, which leave a stain upon them?

Mrs C. Judging from my own youthful experience, and all subsequent observation, I frankly answer, No. Besides, the character and the testimony of the infallible author of that Holy Book, forbid the thought. For 'God is not tempted with sin, neither tempteth he any man' That the audible reading of some portions of the Scriptures, in the presence of others, produces *disagreeable* emotions, I am fully aware. And on that account I could wish, that in such instances, the translators had sought out 'more acceptable words,' to express the true sense of those passages. Nevertheless, the feelings thus excited, however unwelcome, are not sinful: for they can exist only in the bosom of the pure.—They are repulsive—not attractive—partaking of the nature of disgust at, not complacency in the sin Not those sensations which give pain to the heart, but those which please the imagination, partake of impurity. Which of the vile, of either sex, that swarm about our cities, villages, and thoroughfares, were made so by the influence of the Bible? Should a person under strong temptation to commit this sin, read all that is said respecting it in the word of God, what do you think would be the effect? Would he be led to embrace the monster, as a harmless friend—or flee from him, as an enemy, that 'biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder?

To be concluded.

The Rev. Mr. GEORGE HERBERT, in one of his walks to Salisbury, to join a musical society, saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that had fallen under his load. Putting off his canonical coat, he helped him to unload, and afterwards to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man. And so like was he to the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh himself and his horse, at the same time admonishing him, that 'if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast.'

So, leaving the poor man, and coming unto his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder, that Mr. George Herbert, who used always to be so trim and clean, should come into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the reason, and one of them said to him, 'he had disparaged himself by so mean an employment.' His answer was, that 'the thought of what he had done would prove *music to him at midnight*, and that the omission of it would have made discord in his conscience, whenever he should pass by that place.' 'For if,' said he, 'I am bound to *pray* for all who are in distress, I am surely bound, as far as it is in my power, to *practise* what I pray for.—And though I do not wish for the occasion, every day, yet, let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life, without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy;—and I bless God for this opportunity. So now, let us tune our instruments.'

Pillars for the New York Exchange.—These immense columns, 18 in number, are nearly complete at the quaries in Quincy. They are the largest that have ever been obtained: each weighing about thirty-three tons. They are fluted and finished in the most perfect manner. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the carved capitals.—The work is equal to chiselled marble. The first of the columns was to be removed yesterday, from the quarries, to Long wharf, Quincy Point—a distance of three or four miles. The carriage which has been built for the purpose is truly a solid affair. It weighs between eight and nine tons, and cost fifteen hundred dollars. Seventy oxen were to be employed in drawing the load.—Cost of the pillars four thousand dollars each—estimate expense of the Exchange, one million and a half.

Triumph of Justice in Cincinnati.—Cincinnati has redeemed herself. Last week came on the trial of the rioters engaged in the destruction of the printing offices, &c., of the Philanthropist in 1836. The testimony was abundant and conclusive; three of the rioters were clearly identified; and the jury, after having been out a short time, rendered a verdict of $1500 for the plaintiff, Achilles Pugh.

Thus, after three years, has even-handed justice overtaken the violent; and they now find to their cost, that law-abiding is better than law-breaking.

Public sentiment sanctions the verdict. Mobocrats find little sympathy, and deserve less. The fidelity and moral courage manifested throughout by the Counsel for Plaintiff, are worthy of all praise.—*Philanthropist.*

Disgraceful Outrage.—The Salem (Indiana) Whig records a shocking outrage committed on a Baptist and a Methodist clergyman at Vincennes, which is enough to make the blood of any free and honest man boil with indignation. These clergymen had become odious to a portion of the citizens on account of their zeal in the cause of abolitionism, and were warned to leave the place, which they did. But in the night a mob pursued them, and came upon them about six miles from Vincennes, and ruffian-like dragged the husbands from the bed where the wives were shrieking with terror and alarm, and drove them back to Vincennes.

After reaching Vincennes, one of them was rode on a rail until almost dead, and then tarred and feathered, and turned loose. The other had first a piece of iron tied to his feet, and was then placed in the Wabash river, in water up to his chin, where he was suffered to remain until morning, and then taken out and tarried and feathered.

The Whig well remarks that such brutal and savage-like proceedings are disgraceful to any community where they may happen, and are only calculated to add to the already large body of abolitionists, instead of deterring them from their favorite objects.—*Mer. Journal.*

Hamet, Gen. Washington's Slave.—It is not generally known that the only surviving slave of Gen. Washington is now living in the city of Middleton in this state. He is, according to his own account, nearly 100 years old; he draws a pension from the government for his services in the revolutionary war, and manufactures toy drums for his support. He has a wife and one child. His hair is white with age, and hangs matted together in masses over his shoulders. His height is about four feet six inches. He retained a perfect recollection of his "massa and missus Washington," and has several rememberances of them, among which is a lock of General Washington's hair. He converses freely in three or four different languages—the French, Spanish and German; besides his native African tongue.—*Hartford (Ct.) Review.*

The sickness at New Orleans, and other Southern cities is unabated, and unusually fatal.

NOW ON HAND AT
Fessenden's Saddlery,
South of the State House, Main Street.

MIXER'S Patent Spring and Common Saddles—English and American Bridles—Bridle Bits—Silver and Brass Plated Stirrup Irons—French Valises—Travelling Bags—and a good assortment of TRAVELLING TRUNKS.
Concord, August 24, 1839.

The Chase Infirmary,
For the treatment of Hernia, or Rupture,
Concord, N. H.

HERNIA is here treated on the principles laid down by Dr. CHASE, of Philadelphia, in his Treatise on the RADICAL CURE of the disease, and as more fully exemplified and recommended in the report on the subject by the Committee of the Philadelphia Medical Society.

The perfect retention of the bowel is guaranteed in all cases of *reducible* Hernia, and a *radical cure* may be expected, except in cases of long standing in aged people. No attendance of the patient is required any further than to afford opportunity to adjust the degree of pressure necessary to ensure the certain retention of the bowel, provided the patient immediately report himself whenever a reappearance of the Hernia, or too much inflammation renders a different adjustment of the Instrument necessary.

Hull's, Chapin's, and a variety of other UTERO-ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS' for weakness and relaxation of the abdominal muscles in either sex, the whole forming an assortment from which persons afflicted with Hernia or other kindred complaints can hardly fail of making a selection adapted to any individual case.

THO. CHADBOURNE, M. D. Concord, N. H.

REFERENCES,
Amos Twitchell, M. D. Keene,
Matthias Spaulding, M. D. Amherst,
Oliver Perry, M. D. Exeter,
C. A. Cheever, M. D. Portsmouth,
William Burns, M. D. Littleton.
August 24. 6m

Medicine to Lend.
HARDY'S GENUINE ADHESIVE SALVE.

MR. HARDY would take this opportunity to inform the afflicted and the inhabitants of N. Hampshire generally, that he continues to prepare his adhesive salve as usual and offers it to the public on the terms above of medicine to lend. Hardy's adhesive salve is recommended with confidence for lame back, local rheumatism, pain in the side and breast, scalds, burns, and freezes, flesh wounds, bruises, sprains, broken bones, weakness in the joints, crick in the back, old sores, leg and hip complaints, cracked hands, draughts on the feet, ague in the breast, biles, corns on the feet, horse flesh when galled by the saddle or harness, and occasional sores of most kinds to which the human family are subject. As the proprietor will rely alone on the merits of his salve for testimony to sustain it, he will appropriate one twelfth part for the public benefit. The salve will come in rolls neatly put up, wrapped with a label containing full directions for using. All above a line drawn around the roll may be used at the proprietor's expense and the remainder returned in sixty days if not satisfied of its utility. Local agents have been appointed in many towns and will be in the towns through the State as soon as may be—Medicine to Lend—test the genuine by the terms of sale. Prepared only by Samuel Hardy, sole proprietor, Cornish Flat, N. H., and by him sold wholesale and retail. Retail price 25 cts. per roll. A liberal discount to those buying to sell again. All orders, by mail or otherwise, will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. Orders by mail must be post paid. Mr. Hardy will not introduce to the public any certificates in favor of his salve, he will only request people as they prove it, to communicate the result to their neighbors.

SAMUEL HARDY.
Cornish Flat, June 15, 1839. eowly

☞ *The above medicine can be obtained at the Book-store of I. S. Boyd, Concord N. H.*

Greely & Morrill,
DEALERS IN DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN
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LIKEWISE Manufacturers and Dealers in *HARNESSES, TRUNKS, VALISES,* and *CARPET BAGS*, of which they keep constantly on hand an extensive assortment, nearly opposite Gass' American Hotel, at the sign of the Horse.
Concord, May 25, 1839. 3m4w

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JUST received, a lot of Men's Riding Saddles, which will be sold very low for cash,
At the Sign of the Horse.
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Bonnets,
AT THE GREAT 8

SOME of the FINEST and best STYLES of BONNETS that have ever been offered in this Market may be found at ESTABROOK'S,
☞ Directly in front of the State House.
April 20. tf

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